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COMMONWEAL

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The Wallace Magic

THE reservation about reading too much into the results of local elections cannot dispel the impression that here and there—especially at several crucial points in the East and Middle West—Mr. Wallace may tip the scales in the coming national election. That is one of the most disquieting factors on the present domestic and international horizon.

What goes to make it so unwelcome? The Democrats do feel put to it to declare that no one could be more liberal than they and to press for the recognition, at least, of basic civil rights. But also, for some reason, to insist on the mutually inconsistent policies of shipping arms to the Jews in Palestine and establishing a UN army for the purpose of carrying out and maintaining the partition voted at Lake Success over the Arab opposition. For their part the Republicans are feeling more assured of victory—to the point that the identity of their presidential candidate and the formulation of their political platform matter less.

The direct immediate political effect is apparently in local situations. In Chicago, for one instance, where the votes to be captured by a Wallace slate can be expected to defeat several eminently public-spirited Democrats, enemies of the city and county machines. The tags of "liberal" and "reactionary" are worn too threadbare to designate much for any but the slogan-minded. It is difficult, however, not to have such types in mind in stating the fear that the Wallace Third Party in certain localities and key states will elect the less desirable of the major party candidates.

That is not the worst of the Wallace political campaign—even a Republican sweep so desired by Soviet Russia for the purpose of being able to present the United States as unashamedly reactionary. The palm goes to the devastating effects of current Third Party propaganda.

This is an outright appeal to the dissatisfied Americans of every sector, with the emphasis changing as the appeal is directed to each divergent sector. The latter is a well-known technique at which Henry Wallace has been particularly adept throughout his political career. Americans are resentful of high prices, unhappy about our antagonism toward Russia and fearful of conscription and war, our minority groups are often painfully aware of their deprivations of civil liberties. Then there is envy of the rich, opposition to the foreign responsibilities and large expenditures envisioned in the Marshall Plan and the generally prevalent desire to let the rest of the troubled world go hang—especially if American concern includes help to men in Turkey, Greece and China who have anything but our idea of government. There is no end to bitter human discontents even in less troubled times.

What is the prescription which this Third Party holds out for all these ills? It promises unspecified aid against monopolies and inflation; peace with Russia through appeasingly friendly foreign relations; full civil liberties for all, without explaining the means; isolation from the politics of Europe, but not of Palestine; and, of course, unparalleled health, prosperity and happiness for city and farm with full employment. Henry Wallace, in short, whatever his relationship with the Communist Party and its dictates, is promising American voters the moon. And in this he performs a flagrant disservice.

C.S.R.—R.I.P.?

EVERY American child learns early Longfellow's lovely lines anent the "ghostly army, that beleaguers the walls of Prague." And there certainly seems some terrible hoodoo hexing the Czecho-Slovak state. It was born in a spate of

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almost unbelievable optimism and goodwill: Thomas Masaryk was the one hero to come out of World War I (no nice person, of course, would count Vladimir Illyich) and the infant republic was the ewe-wee lamb of the U.S.—as well it might be, being born in Pittsburgh and suckled on the doctrine of the self-determination of nations, and on good greenbacks. In spite of being more utterly divided in three parts than ever was Gaul—for its triune sections were not places, but peoples—the young state from the first was not merely economically solvent, but actually rich. Czech industry, Slovak agriculture, and Sudeten enterprise, combined to boost Bohemian glass, Bata shoes, Skoda steel, beet sugar, race horses, timber, wheat, beer, and many other home products. Including perhaps the best theatre between Paris and Moscow, much excellent music, both written and performed, a good deal of well above the average painting and sculpture, and half a dozen first-rate writers, amongst whom Franz Kafka and Karel Capek became world-famous.

But history was only hiding. From the blind King of Bohemia whose helmet furnished the Prince of Wales with his feathers, to the defenestration of Prague; from the burning of John Huss to Mohacs field; from Saint Wencelaus to Count Czernin, there have been few moments when the country that, briefly, was to become Czecho-Slovakia, was not "in history," as others have been in love, or in agony.

Now, three uneasy years after the Kosice compromise, the Communists, who (since the free elections of 1946), hold 114 out of the 300 Parliamentary seats, have seized power in Prague, and have in Slovakia declared the Slovak Democrats, the majority party, to be out of office. Never, since the foundation of the Republic, has there been any love lost between its component groups. Before World War II the Sudetens, declaring themselves oppressed by the Czechs, openly encouraged and worked for the Nazis; now the chief of the Czech army, General Bohumil Bocek, has declared that "Our shield and stronghold is the Soviet Union and its army. It has become a question of our existence." Already in Slovakia the free press is gone. The printers union has declared that nothing is to be published "against the interests of the workers of the Kosice program." In Prague the Communist police seem to have taken over. And so yet another of the Soviet satellites is towed into line.

In the wolfing of Europe there is yet room for a certain hope. Czecho-Slovakia has a very literate, informed population, accustomed to civil liberties, and conditioned to the democratic way of life (Anglo-Saxon, not Russian, style). Now, since "everything Miss T eats turns into Miss T" it may well be that the Soviet Union, by process of assimilating, not assimilation, may become that "camp of progress and democracy" which General Bohumil Bocek insists it is. For we are what we eat.

But meanwhile, the "far country, of which we know nothing," dismissed by Mr. Chamberlain with a wave of his umbrella, is going further from us still, and that first Munich, at which the soul of Europe was lost, has set up a chain reaction of other Munichs in all our souls. "Mentem mortalia tangunt." Yet it was on August 3, 1914, that Sir Edward Grey, looking out of his room at the Foreign Office at the London lamp lighter, said to a friend "all over Europe the lights are going out; they will not be re-lit in our lifetime." And Czecho-Slovakia was born to prove him wrong, arising from the ashes of World War I and enduring until now: may the CSR prove him again to have been wrong; over and over again.

Beyond Nationalism

THE KEY sentence in the statement by Henry Noel, Jr., the new and self-made Man Without a Country, seems to be, ". . . while in reality every one [national political entity] harbors and cannot put in abeyance the same basic struggle." What struggle does Henry Noel mean, and what kind of young man is this Noel who has renounced his citizenship, and what were those brief news stories about?

"A twenty-four-year-old former Harvard University student has become a man without a country because he wants to be a citizen of all the world. Henry M. Noel, Jr., has renounced his American citizenship to take up life as an ordinary laborer in Germany."

That "citizen of the world" phrase sounds as though it might be facile journalism, or is Noel plugging for "world government," or a strengthened UN, or for some other fairly routine program which is not half so interesting as his dramatic action in Germany. The published fragments of the statement he left with the American Military Government in Frankfort do not tell his principal motives and ideas. "We witness in these times a climax of nationalism, the spectacle of separate national political entities each thinking to realize its own private national ambition, each desperate to maintain or enlarge its own national powers or prestige, while in reality every one harbors and cannot put in abeyance the same basic struggle. Citizenship in a nation, being tacit acceptance and approval of this situation or else ignorance of these facts, has become for me intolerable and incompatible with my personal convictions. I can no longer remain a citizen of the USA or of any nation."

And so he went from his job with the American relief commission in France to bombed-out Kassel, got a hall room over a pigsty, took a job as

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laborer, a ration of 1,550 calories and a wage of $2.50 per week. His statement of his position is so firm in action we would like to know it better in words and ideas.

The present nationalist frenzy hardly seems to deserve so ardent an attack. Exaggerated nationalism has a flushed, unhealthy, and specious aspect now which may well signify very near dissolution. The war and post-war years furnish much more evidence proclaiming a deep weakening of nationalism than a truly climactic strength. The lines of fascism and communism, for instance, have not followed the boundaries drawn across maps. State power—national governmental institutions—appear to be instruments used by groups of men who are activated by ideologies which are not based upon the nation now to a degree which would astound the national prophets of the last century. In the necessary jargon, society today obviously cannot get along articulated primarily in nation states; the states split and overlapped in the negative effort of the war; and the positive efforts of peace even more clearly must transcend —and begin to do—the national boundaries of the political national states.

The "basic struggle" which is the same across the borders is not easy to identify and make understandable and persuasively true to many men. Dramatic action such as Noel's is welcome in asserting that such a problem and challenge does exist, but its attributes remain to be described. There are, perhaps, many material parts of the problem, such as sufficient food and shelter and clothing, which are rather the same in country after country around the world—the basic challenge, perhaps, of material nature. But the material parts of the problem divide people and divide nations so long as a prior problem of spiritual purpose is not solved to give direction and motive to the "practical" world's work. National citizenship these days is not adequate to organize the effort to meet the problem: its failure may well warrant Henry Noel's severe and courageous gesture.

To Stoop or Lie

RECENTLY we ran a paragraph about twenty-eight Mexicans who came to America to work. They entered America illegally or, after entering legally, they stayed in America longer than they were supposed to stay, and then their presence became an illegal presence. And so they had to be attended to. We put them into a plane which crashed and the Mexicans were killed instead of being deported. But they were attended to, all right.

This week it seems as if we might as well have kept the twenty-eight Mexicans in America, and even alive, because the *Wall Street Journal* says that the National Canners Association agrees with the Farmers and Manufacturers Beet Sugar Association that it is difficult to get Americans to do "stoop" labor and that it is not difficult to get Mexicans to do "stoop" labor and that it would be desirable to have twelve thousand Mexicans "imported" in June.

Twenty-eight of anything is a small quantity in America, and when it comes to "stoop" labor it is nothing at all. Even twelve thousand Mexicans will leave some "stoop" labor for Americans to perform whether they care to stoop or not. The United States Employment Service is seeking to organize three and a half million farm workers to harvest and process this year's fruit and vegetable crops. They will not all be migrant labor, "Okies," but a great many of them will travel from the first winter vegetable harvests in Florida, in March and April, to Texas, in April and May, and then fan out to the Northern States in mid-summer.

The twenty-eight Mexicans added to the three and a half million would not have bothered anyone and, although oranges and pears grow on trees and you work on ladders while you pick them, someone has to stoop to lift up the baskets when they are filled, and besides the fruit, there are all the vegetables that grow in the ground, and there is also cotton and tobacco which grow above ground, although not nearly as high as corn and you have to stoop to pick them. So that there would have been plenty of "stoop" work for the twenty-eight Mexicans (deceased) as there will be for the twelve thousand Mexicans "imported" (on the hoof) and as there will be also for those Americans who can be persuaded to do it.

Americans do not like to stoop. "They like to sit down." (It is the same *Wall Street Journal* for the same day, February 18, that tells us.) "Or better yet, lie down. And on the softest spot available. Grasp these facts and you'll know why the foam rubber industry is mushrooming." The foam rubber industry makes cushions with bubbles of air in them and it is going to make mattresses, automobile seats, airplane seats, bar stools and so forth. Starting before the war, the industry made 18 million pounds a year. Last year it made 30 million. This year it will make 50 million. In five years it will be making 100 million pounds a year.

The connection between Mexicans who are willing to stoop and Americans who like to sit down is purely rhetorical. And so is the relationship between air foam mattresses and the state of the world. The two items mentioned—three and a half million seasonal farm workers needed this year, and the hundred million pounds of cool comfort on which, in five years we may sit or lie—should be taken only as casual indications of this country's size and nature.

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Americans: With Reservations

Mary Rowell Carse

THE BUSINESS of moving Indians out of the way before the flood of white advance across this country, left little islands of Indian groups scattered in its wake. By and large, although there was a period of forcible and unnecessary shuttling of Indian tribes from one island to another, these patches remaining from the larger area of land once held by the Indians constitute what we mean when we speak of "reservations." We have confirmed their use to the Indians in a series of treaties and laws which also set forth our obligation to maintain the Indians with various services and privileges until, apparently, the end of time.

To an Indian, therefore, the piece of land which the white man calls a "reservation" and which is popularly envisioned as a kind of out-of-door orphan asylum by most of our people—to the Indian, this is "home." It is where his people have lived for a generation or for six generations; where he was born and his father lies buried; where there is a plot of land which is his forever according to the treaties, and which is usually in the same part of the country as his ancestors' hunting grounds. If he had his choice of all the land in the world in which to live, he would most generally pick this. Although he is legally free to leave the reservation and seek his fortune in the cities, he usually does not do so, or not for very long. This is because of many psychological, economic, and social reasons, and also because the reservation is "home." And it is from this home, this reservation land, that some people now raise a hue and cry to set him "free." They do not ask themselves or the Indian: "Free—*from* what?" and "Free—*for* what?" They do not ask the Indian what kind of freedom he wants.

Anyone who has been closely associated with Indians over a period of years knows what the Indians want. Their needs may be simply stated. First, they want to *live* (that is, they want economic freedom, to obtain the basic necessities of food, shelter, clothing). Second, they want *justice* (that is, political freedom: their rights as guaranteed by the treaties and by our democratic system, free from excessive and oppressive governmental supervision). Finally—and most important of all to the Indians—*they want still to be Indians!* One might point out that the first two freedoms have to do with individual needs, and the third to a group freedom. We in this country tend to get very excited about any threat to individual freedom, but ignore too much any curtailments of a group's right to existence in its own way of life.

Since the end of the extermination policy of dealing with Indians, back in pioneer days, no one has denied the Indians their first freedom: to live. It is in the apparent irreconcilability of the second and third, however, that all the trouble in Indian policy has come about. How to reach political freedom, or maturity, and still be an Indian? The Indians have been given the choice of living as a segregated social group within our national structure, on reservations — as Indians — or of going out into white communities as individuals and being absorbed into the general population: *i.e.*, of losing their identity as Indians. Faced with this hard alternative, the American Indian has chosen to remain on the reservation at the cost of his individual economic development rather than to leave it at the cost of his group, or cultural, development. In other words, an Indian who leaves the reservation to make his livelihood admits to himself and to his fellows that there is no place in this world for a tribal Indian—that he must become a carbon-copy white man in order to get anywhere. Few Indians wish to make this admission—for sound psychological reasons.

I do not intend to say that there is an "Indian" psychology. To speak of "Indian" anything is misleading in itself since there are more than two hundred groups of Indians in this country, each of which have elements of difference among themselves and elements of similarity with their non-Indian neighbors. Underneath all of this, however, there are patterns of thought shared by all the diverse groups of Indians which stop at the reservation boundaries because they cannot be shared by white groups, however close. These are the patterns of thought which are all connected somehow with the concept of "being an Indian."

Perhaps enough has been said by writers on Indian history concerning the impact of the white man's civilization upon the native Americans: his tools, weapons, clothes, religions, even recreations, vices, and diseases; and enough has been said about the many and subtle pressures brought upon the Indian to accept the European civilization and turn from his own simpler way of life. In this list of influences we are rarely reminded

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of the incalculable effects upon the Indian of today of the *white man's idea of the Indian.* The Indians have come under the "Noble Redman" ideal quite as much as have the non-Indian readers of James Fenimore Cooper. They have seen themselves extolled as "The Vanishing Americans," too, by such artists of pathos as Cyrus Dallin, Ernest Thompson Seton, Helen Hunt Jackson, and others. People off the reservation area treat them as though they were set-pieces in a museum group—waxworks, lifesize but unreal. An Indian traveling in the cities is questioned as to whether he is a "real Indian" quite as if he were offering a counterfeit coin. He very quickly is made to understand that the "real" Indian is the reservation Indian, the feathers-and-buckskin Indian, the fleet-hunter-of-the-forest Indian—never a city worker in a blue serge suit.

To an Indian, then, Indianism is not just race pride. It is not just pointing to great men or great accomplishments (such as domesticating corn) and saying "That is what the Indians have produced," and letting it go at that. Rather, being an Indian is seen as a Right and a Privilege (in capital letters) in a present and continuing sense. This notion has been fostered through the years by a government which gives Indians bonuses ("Treaty rights") for simply being Indians. The goods and services which the Indians receive from the government are looked upon not as charity or "relief" but as the routine tribute of the white man to the "First Americans"—the rent paid a landlord by a tenant. They have become a prestige item.

The Indians have carried within themselves, then, an ideal-picture of what it means to be an Indian. Primarily, they see it as a way of life—one which is out-of-doors, self-sufficient, dignified and rewarding—which they have been forced to suspend because of the coming of the white men, but to which they seem to hope some day to be able to return. This is probably the basic mental orientation of most, not all of course, of the Indians. The young generation, such as that now returning from their war experiences, tends to revolt against this pattern, to try to throw it off, to go to the cities to prove their equality with the white people—and yet, inevitably, they return homesick for the voice and look of their own people, and for the feeling of belongingness which they never quite achieve elsewhere.

This orientation toward the past is the result, primarily, of the treaty complex. The Indian's first recourse in difficulties with his white neighbors is to the treaties—and the older the treaty, the more weight it will have with him. The white man, on the other hand, is living by the latest revised statutes of his state or municipality. To us, laws are mutable things which may be affected by time and circumstance. The Indian, on the other hand, is still living in an absolutist world, where law is forever and treaties for "as long as the grass shall grow."

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The treaties, then, not only established the government's obligations to repay the Indians for their land, and to maintain the Indians perpetually with food and services—they also established the Indian groups with the dignity of "nations," for it is axiomatic that a state makes treaties only with other sovereign states and not with its own dependencies. Indians on reservations were, in the beginning, truly separate nations imbedded, as it were, within the larger country. On their reserves the Indians continued to manage their own affairs, make treaties, even to wage war. The general consensus of legal opinion in the United States even today seems to be that Indian tribes are sovereign nations in regard to their ability to make treaties, make their own laws and remain independent of the states in which they are located—but that they are dependent nations in their relationship to the Federal government, which has by treaties agreed to take care of them. In essence, the Indians are "wards" of the Federal government, which has (in many instances upon their own request) assumed a trustee status over them.

A corollary to this matter of the sovereignty of the Indian tribes is that of citizenship. Many persuasive orators have seized upon the status of the Indian as a "ward" of the government as a barrier to the Indian's right to citizenship. "Free the poor Indian," they cry "who was the first American yet, today, cannot vote and isn't even a citizen of his own country." All false—the Indian can vote (subject to the rules of the state in which he resides), and he is a citizen although, paradoxically enough, not by his own will.

By Act of Congress of June 2, 1924, all Indians born in the United States became citizens of the United States, if they hadn't already received citizenship status by other means. This act provided citizenship for all Indians, and specifically stated that it did not affect the Indians' rights to tribal property. By a single act, then, Congress attempted to cut the tangled skeins surrounding the question of Indian status.

There are no doubt several million Americans who fondly believe that the Indians welcomed the 1924 gift of citizenship with humble gratitude. Instead, there is a very definite feeling among most of the Indians that this Act as passed had ulterior motives. The picture of an American Congress passing laws relating to Indians simply as a magnanimous gesture is impossible for them to swallow. They argue that 1924 was not so long after the close of the first World War

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—a war in which some Indians had refused to be drafted into military service on the grounds that they were members of independent nations. Not that the Indians do not wish to fight for this country—World War II has shown that the Indians have no hesitancy about fighting—but they wanted to volunteer. They felt that the Act was the opening gun in an attempt to impress them into service. They also believe that this Act was an element in the long-awaited campaign to abolish the reservations, to defraud them of their land. This is absurd, as the provisions of the Act specifically prohibit such interpretation, but the Indians do not understand that.

Most Indians reject citizenship because they do not understand what it means, anyway. To us, it is something which anyone should desire, cherish, and defend. To the Indian, however, a citizen is a white man who has to pay taxes on his land, who does not get the support from the government that the Indian does, and who has various assorted responsibilities and duties (among them, supporting the Indian tribes) from which the Indian is free. The Indians will not seek full participation in this "citizenship" they have been awarded because the only security they know is tied up with their reservation land, their people, and their Indian-ness. They will not seek to avail themselves of their citizenship status until they can be shown that being a citizen is more advantageous for them than being a ward, and not unless and until they can be shown that citizenship in practice need not mean losing their identity as Indians.

The government, meanwhile, takes care of them as Indians. It takes care of them far better than it ever promised to in treaties—by extending to them all manner of social welfare services, education, medical care, legal protection against non-Indians who would defraud them. It looks as though the government will go right on taking care of the Indians, as things are going now, because it doesn't know how to stop.

Actually the government did not expect the Indian problem to last so long. With the expressed hope of the eventual assimilation of the Indian population into the country at large, it would have been foolhardy to plan for an administration for people who no longer existed as an entity. And so for administration after administration they have made short-term appropriations based on short-term policies, in the naïve hope that some day, any day now, they could wake up and find that the "Indian problem" had disappeared because the Indians had disappeared. Instead, it can be demonstrated statistically that Indians (whatever definition of "Indian" is used) have increased in recent years. They show no inclination either to die off or to become assimilated.

A military and social problem—to get the Indians out of sight and out of mind—has become strictly an economic one: how to make the Indians self-supporting and self-respecting again after years of dependency. Now we have on our hands a race of people who have not been trained or experienced in the managing of their own affairs for periods varying from 50 years in the west to 150 years on some reservations in the east! The burden to the American taxpayers, meanwhile, has pyramided year upon year for supporting this race of people. This state of affairs cannot long continue.

In our century and a half of Indian "policy" we have experimented with a wide variety of solutions. The first one we tried, back in colonial times, was the annihilation policy. That not only didn't work, it was inhumane, and none of us have the slightest desire to go back to it. Next came the treaty era, as we have seen above, in which Indian tribes were treated as separate nations. This is the policy the Indians liked best, since it gave them the dignity of sovereignty; unfortunately, it is neither legally nor socially possible to treat with them in this manner today. For better or for worse, Indians are now a part of this nation, and dependent upon it for many of their needs. Then came the removal policy —herding the tribes onto the reservations. No more "removing" can be done, for all the land is taken up.

Lastly, there was the allotment system—in this, Indians were alloted plots of reservation land in severalty, for a probation period of twenty years. At any time during this period, an individual Indian could be declared "competent" by special boards of competency which judged his apparent ability to handle his own affairs, and awarded his land in fee simple. At the end of the twenty-year period, however, he received title to his land anyway, competent or not. The net result of this policy was that many Indians, ill-trained and ill-prepared for "competency," simply sold their land for present cash, and in a year or two were back begging for succor. Reservations became checkerboarded with holdings which had been sold to non-Indians, making Indian community life and government administration very difficult.

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We are going to have to make up our minds between two alternatives: are we going to find some way to keep the Indians intact as groups on their own reservations, but with reduced or no cost to the federal government—or are we going to "abolish" the reservations, dissolve them as areas of set-aside land, and merge them and their occupants into the surrounding municipalities. Or, to put it another way: whether

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we are to enable the Indians to maintain their group identity, or to scatter them anonymously as individuals.

It is the latter solution which is most in the air at the present time. Either some people are in a great hurry to get their hands on Indian lands, or else they are in a hurry to get this problem settled quickly, and don't know how else to go about it. One group speaks in melodramatic phrases about "setting the Indians free" and "abolishing the reservations." We assume that they mean by this an Act of Congress which would remove the reservation areas from the Public Lands, turning them over to the states and townships; which would dissolve the Indian Affairs office and suspend its activities; which would pay off the present Indian owners of the land on a per capita basis, after which they would either have to pay taxes to local governments or get out.

If this is what they mean by "abolish" the reservations, they are only confirming the Indians' long deep seated fears and suspicions of the government. We could only do it by breaking treaties—by breaking faith with a people who have never broken a treaty with us. Further, while this solution might cut the Gordian knot, it would not settle the economic situation of the Indians. Indians without reservations inevitably gravitate to city relief rolls, or find themselves a place in the city slums or on sub-marginal land in the country, where they become social, economic, and health hazards to the community. On the day when reservations cease to exist, and when Indians (in their present condition) are thrown into brisk competition individually in a white man's world, we shall simply have a race of economic orphans begging at our city gates.

Still others of the "set the Indians free" school of thought, want to dissolve the reservations by a slower process which is essentially a return to the "competency" policy. This would remove Indian individuals and their land from the reservations piecemeal, until no unassigned land was left. This would logically lead, as we have seen before, to the parceling up of present Indian lands into smaller and smaller group concentrations of "incompetent" Indians, while "competent" Indians sell their lands and move away. Also, it is based on the principle of assimilation which the Indians hate and fear, and for which they are ill-prepared. An Indian who may be found "competent" at one period of his life may be decidedly incompetent at another—even as you and I. If Indians are told, moreover, that they will be thrown out of their group and made to enter the white man's world when they are "competent" they will usually try to make sure that they aren't declared so.

What we are actually doing, in that case, is picking Indians who show progressive and educated abilities and punishing them with exile. Then, too, a "competent" Indian, off the reserve, may run into a bad streak of luck, of unemployment, crop failure, or illness, and have to throw himself on the mercies of the municipalities in which he finds himself. And white communities have found the subtleties of differentiating between "competent" Indians who are no longer government wards and "incompetent" Indians whom the government will care for, rather too much for them.

Perhaps most important of all, which advocates of the above types of plans have forgotten, is that the Indians want to remain Indians—tribal Indians. They want to be able to keep their reservation homes. It has become a matter of pride and prestige with them that the land they live on is really theirs, unencumbered and tax-free.

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The only remaining solution, then, is this: If the Indians cannot be given individual competency without losing their identity as Indians and their personal identification with Indian group life, then they must be given competency *as a group*. They must be enabled to retain the land which the white men call reservations but which they call home. Such a solution is possible, but it calls for intelligent, long-range and consistent programing. Legislation should be enacted at once, and when it is enacted it should be carried through to its completion. It can be very well worked into the framework of the present Indian Reorganization Act, thus avoiding the necessity for upsetting the Indians again by saying "We've changed our minds again—now we're going to do it *this* way." Such a program must contain the following points:

First, a clear statement to the Indians that at the end of a definite period of following out the program (a period depending upon the present conditions on each separate reservation), the title to the entire reservation land will be given into the hands of the legally established Indian government of that reservation, but still tax-free, and the Federal government will bow itself out both financially and administratively and say "It's all yours."

Second, a coordinated educational and administrative program during that period (whether it be five, ten, or twenty years) built around the fact of the tribe's coming independence from federal support. In other words, the Indians will have to learn and begin to practice not only how to support themselves economically on their land, but they will also learn the fundamentals of local municipal government. They will learn how to finance and construct needed public works,

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how to meet social problems such as poverty, unemployment, and disease, for themselves — in short, how to manage their own affairs with all the efficiency (or more) of a modern municipal corporation.

Third, during this weaning period, there should be a last call for the Indians to present their legitimate legal claims against the government. There are many tribes at the present time who have pinned their future hopes to the golden bubble of claims for riches promised them by treaties long since modified or abrogated. Some tribes have suits pending which press their claims to title of valuable lands on which cities or industrial plants are built today. Conservative estimates agree that total Indian claims might run between fifteen and twenty billion dollars.

Obviously, the likelihood of Indians' winning all their suits is slim, but while they wait and hope they neglect to face up to their own present economic situation as they might do if no such claims existed. However, even with the claims settled, the sudden avalanche of money into individual Indian pockets will do more harm than good if it is allowed to tend to break up the group. The total of all settlements adjudged to be due to the Indians of a particular reservation should be placed in a lump sum in a trust fund in a nearby bank, to be administered by the all-Indian government when that is formed. The government may hold it in trust until the tribe achieves its "independence," but on that day it should be publicly and ceremonially turned over to the Indians with the clear statement: "This is your money which we have owed you. It is *all* the money we owe you. That's all there is—there isn't any more."

Fourth, the final break with the control of the Federal government must be definite and decisive. It should be preferably solemnized in public with fitting ceremonial, to impress it on the Indians' minds, or in another fifty years the Indians will have forgotten that the government no longer owes them money or sustenance and the whole sorry business will start over again.

Fifth, existing treaties with the various tribes should not be abrogated. Let us keep faith with the Indians and with ourselves. The payments provided for under such treaties are not excessive, and form only a small part of the money currently needed for Indian administration. Also, in conformity with these treaties already made with Indians, and in consideration of the fact that Indian support of this program will absolutely be withheld if taxes are imposed, the reservations should remain non-taxable by local governments. However, since the burden of supporting the Indians will have been removed from the public taxes, no one is losing anything. The Indian municipalities will have their own administrators, their own school teachers, doctors, and police—all paid for by Indian money based on levies or subscriptions within the reservation itself. Indians would then set up their own voting requirements for their own elections, and the reservation as a whole would form an electoral district within the larger political unit of the states and nation. This may seem a little unorthodox in our political system, but there is no reason it couldn't be done to provide the Indians with the semi-autonomy they seem so desperately to want.

This five-point plan is not actually new or radical. Elements of it may be found in present government policy. The third point, for example, is now being covered by the Indian Claims Commission which was created in August of 1946. This commission is to hear legitimate claims and present them to the Congress for appropriation. Other parts of the program have been begun under the Indian Reorganization Act which was passed in 1934. This act provides, among other things, for the prohibition of any further parceling up of Indian lands as under the allotment act, and for the acquisition of new lands for reservations so divided; for the establishment of a revolving credit fund for Indians; and most important of all, for the tribes to form themselves into business corporations, with charters incorporating many features of self-rule.

The most important aspect of the five-point plan outlined above is that, while the Indians will be given back their reservations, and the opportunity to continue as Indians on their own land, it will be only with a complete cessation of cost to the taxpayers of the country, instead of with steadily increasing cost, as it stands at present. The whole weighty superstructure of Indian administration personnel, which everyone deplores, will be eliminated. When one considers that the only objection that the American public has to the reservation system is that it costs too much money, and that the only objection the Indian has to becoming self-sufficient is that he could not do it without losing his tribal status—the appeal of this plan should be evident.

The Great Venetians

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

THE RECENT exhibition of Venetian painting at the *Musée des Beaux Arts* at Lausanne was eclectic rather than comprehensive, but it left one with a lively vision of what one could do for Venice even with those pictures which are in English or American collections. Those assembled, and admirably displayed, at Lausanne were all chosen from the churches and museums of Venetia, and from certain private collections in the north of Italy. It would be an exaggeration to suggest that they

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were in any way a substitute for a Venetian pilgrimage, but they did throw a vivid light on the building of what Berenson has called the "high-road of modern art." Furthermore, it is only the connoisseur who will ferret out this or that neglected masterpiece in the museums of Bassano, Treviso, or Vicenza. I doubt, moreover, whether the two wonderful Titians here on exhibition are seen to such advantage at home in San Giovanni Elemosinario and San Salvatore. They are in any case among those sacred pictures which thrive better in a secular setting precisely because they transcend the categories, so difficult to define, of sacred and secular art.

Although the Lausanne exhibition was remarkable for its new rather than for its old acquaintances, these two canvases by Titian dominate the imagination like a tragedy of Shakespeare or like the Magnificat of Monteverdi. The first, very simple in composition, shows Saint John against a blue sky, framed in a green curtain. It was probably painted about 1545, after the crisis which had transformed and enriched the painter's style. This was a crisis which every profound spirit of the Renaissance had to meet and to surmount, and it was posed for Titian and for other masters of the Venetian school in a peculiarly dramatic form. They owed their livelihood, and in a measure their inspiration, to the opulence and grace of Venice. How far they derived their grandeur from the civilization of which they were a part, how far they were themselves its architects, is a question too subtle to be disputed here. It was debated, in essence, by Oscar Wilde in a dialogue more profound than its paradox would seem, at first, to permit. But what is more persuasive than any dialogue is the dialectic between matter and spirit which the discoveries of the Renaissance excited in such an acute form. The artist had several choices. He could take refuge in the spurious austerites of a neoclassicism, whose cerebrations were alien to his instincts and inimical to his palette; or he could spiritualize his art by a more intense employment of color and a more audacious disposition of form. He could push to its dizzy limits the principle of incarnation, believing this to be the supreme business of the artist; or he could renounce the occasion of his aesthetic sins.

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It was the glory of Titian and his successors that they so consistently took the former course. If one wanted to define the difference between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, one could hardly do better than compare the Fra Angelico Annunciation from San Marco with Titian's interpretation of the same subject on view at Lausanne. The first is contemplative, where the second is dramatic. In the first, color is regulated by form; in the second the colors dissolve one into another and are themselves conditioned by the contrasts of light and shadow. Even if one feels that the painters of the Renaissance had lost the purity of medieval religion and that their treatment of religious subjects tends, in consequence, to be rhetorical, one can hardly deny to Titian or to Tintoretto, whose magnificent "Last Supper" was also exhibited at Lausanne, the genius to have seen the Christian story in a new perspective. Spiritually, the achievement of the Renaissance was the discovery of man; technically, it was the discovery of movement. The two discoveries found their natural outlet in drama, and it would be a poor sort of pedantry to deny the title of dramatist to the masters of the Venetian school.

This was brilliantly illustrated at Lausanne. The few Primitives on view (Paolo Veneziano's "Death of the Virgin" most beautiful of them all) enabled one to watch the transition. But even when the Byzantine stillness and stiffness had been left behind, there was an extraordinary development from Vivarini's charming Saint Antony, a little precious with the lily held between his fingers, to Piazetta's "Saint Francis in ecstasy." How many people have seen this astonishing picture from Vicenza? How many will claim that there is here a decline of religious feeling? The limp figure of the Saint is supported by an Angel; down in the left hand corner we see a friar (or part of him) reading from a book; at the top two cherubs are winging their way into the scene; a little lower, to their right, the rough properties of the cell are visible. The picture derives its force not only from the flow of drapery and the play of light and shadow—in a word, from the orchestration of the baroque—but from the spiritual intensity with which the Saint himself is painted. The expression on the face, of love perfectly achieved, and an exhaustion of the limbs, which is nevertheless not an agony, these are rendered without the slightest taint of sentimentality or theatricality. With Piazzetta we are well into the eighteenth century and still the invention of the Venetian masters, though it is in fact near its end, shows as yet no sign of failing.

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The Lausanne Exhibition was especially rich in examples of this later radiance. I have never seen so many Tiepolos of the first quality. There was the lovely "Agar and Ismael," and in "Saint Paul healing the man possessed" one admired, beyond the virtuosity of composition, the warmth and tenderness of detail. In one corner the heads of two women stand out in brilliant contrast with the somber, bearded face of a man behind them. Each wears an expression in which conversion is so blent with curiosity that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. Again, in a different genre, the portrait of Francesco Querini takes its place with confidence and ease in the long procession of Venetian portraiture; we feel that here, if anywhere, man has arrived at a sane and satisfied self-consciousness. There was a small and not very important group of Canalettos, but Guardi, more generally known for his landscapes, was allowed to exhibit a range I had not suspected. The "Marriage of Tobiolo" not only recalled Watteau and Fragonard at their best, but it seemed, at times, to anticipate the Impressionists. Longhi's "Rhinoceros" was also a surprise; Goya might almost have been jealous of it.

The earlier periods were less well represented. There were only two tiny Giorgiones; an interesting Madonna by Mantegna seemed very nearly Cubist in the composi-

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tion of head and hands; Bellini's "Young Senator," with his direct glance and blonde hair, stood poised in the first flush of the Renaissance; and Carpaccio's Saint George slew his dragon with a shock which we may well have forgotten since we first felt it reproduced for us in the nursery. But there were no portraits by Titian and none of quite the first quality by Tintoretto. It was always the scene rather than the soliloquy which had been selected—Veronese's magnificent "Adoration of the Magi" from Vicenza and Bassano's "Baptism of Saint Lucile." In the first of these the Virgin and Child are seated below a pillar, and the portico or colonnade is itself propped up by a strange scaffolding across which the cherubs scramble and the light descends. In trying to analyze the grandeur of this picture, one stumbles once more upon the secret of so much that is greatest in Venetian art: that man is here neither diminished by his destiny nor divided from it, and that the mystery of faith can be enhanced, and need not be destroyed, by a calculated mise-en-scène.

Tomorrow's Horoscope

Indications are for a day of promise and fulfilment,
With the cosmic shadows held in check by friendly vibrations.
Events will be exciting. Keep your head in the clouds.
Your achievements will exceed your fondest hopes and expectations.

All matters of business and romance are aspected favorably.
Energize your ambitions. Be aggressive. Be of good cheer.
Propitious influences are at work. Ride the crest of the wave.
There can be no reason to regret. Break the shackles of fear.

Consider that this day begins your cycle of happiness.
Open your mail. Clean out your bureau drawer.
People of affluence and means will be well disposed towards you.
Go bargain hunting. You will find just what you are looking for.

Those whose birthday it is will encounter a year
Of dynamic opportunities. Be on the alert for good news.
The ground will not crumble beneath your feet.
Let down your guard. You can't possibly lose.

A child born on this day will win his heart's desire.
His personality will skyrocket him to fortune and fame.
People will envy him. He will be the life of the party.
For him there can be no hardship, no disappointment, no shame.

You will wake in the morning and remember nothing of the night.
The occult is your ally. Put aside your anxiety.
Ask and it will be yours, whatever you say.
Oh, what will it be? Oh, what will it be, what will it be?

SAMUEL YELLEN.

Articulate Foe of Tyranny

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

IF I HAD not done a bit of superficial browsing in Latin American lore and letters during the war, the name, Sarmiento, would have been as blind to me as it now seems to be to many of my literate acquaintances. Unidentified, it might stand for almost anything: an Italian watering place, a foreign wine or the latest domestic song and dance hit. Instead it is the surname of the deservedly most famous Argentine of the nineteenth century, Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-1887).

In his day his greatest fame derived from his achievements as an educator and as a politician. He was an enthusiastic admirer and disciple of Horace Mann, as of Benjamin Franklin; he finally rose to the presidency of his country in 1868. Meanwhile he had suffered years of persecution and exile for his political beliefs, particularly for suggesting that government by law supplant the government by ruthless personal fancy which, especially under Facundo and Rosas, had for so long characterized the Argentine political system. He was only 40 when Rosas was finally unseated, and unhappily lived on after his own presidency to see many reforms which he himself had been able to effectuate as president neglected or overturned by his successors. Sarmiento's last days were unusually wretched because of his fellow-citizens' ingratitude, but the extensive Argentine public school system of today is only one of several major evidences of what he achieved for his country.

Yet I venture to predict that history will award him a higher place as a writer than as either a teacher or statesman. His romantic belief in continual progress, so characteristic of his time, and the educational theories inspired in him by the schools of the United States have long since disclosed the most palpable limitations. While in the present situation of the world any nineteenth century disquisition on political theory (even if it insists, as Sarmiento's did, on human liberty and government by law) holds, and will hold, only a restricted practical interest. Not that nations should not seek to implement freedom and justice at every opportunity.

With the decks thus cleared, I can now expose my enthusiasm for Sarmiento as a writer. For a new volume in English of selections from his collected works* contains three sections which, I believe, unmistakably bear me out. They certainly stand up well in Stuart Edgar Grummon's firm translation.

The first of these, and for me the most fascinating, comprises autobiographical excerpts from his "Provincial Recollections." The key figure is his mother, who before she was married, began at 23 to build her own home in

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* *A Sarmiento Anthology. Edited by Allison Williams Bunkley. Princeton.* $5.00.

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the most extraordinary wise. As one of fifteen children she had inherited a tiny plot of land from her father and two slaves from an uncle. She set up a loom under a fig tree on her plot and, by weaving fine serge all day long, managed to earn enough (6 pesos) each week to pay the workmen who were simultaneously erecting her house there under her supervision. Shortly after building was completed she was married and moved in. Meanwhile she branched out from making only fine cloth for friars' habits; the work of her hands included silk suspenders, *vicuña* wool scarves, cravats and ponchos, openwork for albs, lace, fine needlework for women's clothes and sacred vestments. She became so renowned as a dyer that she was widely consulted. One day when she was 64, she remarked, "This is the first time in my life that I have sat down with nothing to keep my hands busy." Yet twelve years later she was still hard at whatever needlework was possible for her failing eyes and continually stepping out into the garden to cultivate the lettuce.

What a productive tiny farm Doña Paula had. On a plot 60 feet deep she succeeded in raising practically every vegetable grown in South America, and in maintaining three orange trees, a peach tree and a pond for her ducks. She also kept chickens, and her improvident husband had a horse; animal droppings were utilized to push the fertility of the family garden to the limit. Her morning routine was first to feed the chickens, next weed the garden before the sun was high and then take up her tireless weaving. Yet without an unwavering trust in the providence of God, Doña Paula, with all her energy and skill, would not have been able to keep her hard-pressed household in food and raiment.

That leads back to Don José Castro, a priest in that little provincial capital, San Juan—the man to whom Sarmiento's mother owed her education. Here is another heroic, memorable figure. He seems to embody Sarmiento's, if not a rather universal, ideal of the priesthood. Don José healed the sick, gave the most salutary up-to-date advice to wives and mothers, preached learnedly every day of the week (in different chapels), purged local religious observances of many cruel, vile and superstitious practices, abolished ignorance by scientific explanations and did all sorts of admirable things for his uneducated flocks. He was completely negligent about his own dress and distributed *all* the parish funds to the poor. His sermons were a model. After Don José had ridiculed the faults of his congregation so wittily that they were convulsed with laughter and entirely receptive, he would suddenly grow serious and clearly explain the Gospel of the day and its application to the lives of each and all.

For all his devotion to the poor and his enlightened spirit, Don José was fiercely loyal to King Ferdinand of Spain. And so, in spite of the love and respect he inspired everywhere, he was banished by Argentine patriots intent on independence. He returned to San Juan only after he was physically broken, and he died abandoned and in wretchedness. Several years later his body was still well preserved.

Such was the man who was responsible for the religious formation of Doña Paula, who Sarmiento believes was not only the last and most perfect example of Argentina's colonial period, but also embodied Don José's ideals in their fulness. She was, indeed, the exact counterpart of the "valiant woman" described so minutely in the Book of Wisdom. And every Saturday she went to church to converse with the Blessed Virgin, every Sunday to fulfil the Mass precept, every Monday to pray for relatives and friends. She took special pains to dress for church in accordance with her station. At times she would tell the household she was too tired for prayers, at others she would lead them in the Rosary most fervently. She seems to have had the quality of assurance and decisiveness so often manifested by the Saints.

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Into this productive, colonial, pious household, as the children grew up there began to creep the influence of the French Enlightenment. It was all right when the two daughters wanted to brighten the place and whitewash the walls. But that was only the opening gun of a bitter two-year struggle. Doña Paula's ancestral couch with its many pillows, where she sat with her perennial handiwork, and from which she held court with Na Clene, the aged household beggar, and others, was the next object of contention. It finally gave way to chairs which were supposed to be more elegant. Then there were the undoubtedly religious but ugly old portraits of Saint Dominic and Saint Vincent Ferrer, to whom Doña Paula had special devotion; one day in her absence they were rudely shifted from the family living room to the privacy of her own bedroom. This was a striking symbol of the regeneration, self-improvement and irreligion which Sarmiento cities as characteristic of the Enlightenment.

The most terrible struggle of all was over the fig tree in the patio, now gnarled and unsightly, that tree under which Doña Paula had first set up her loom in her youth. When she wavered momentarily in the argument that had been going on for months, orders were given to chop it down. As the ax blows rang out and the children realized what they had done to their mother, they were stung with anguish and remorse and wept profusely. Thus was the transformation completed.

I am not at all sure that the majority of readers will share my preference for these intensely personal memoirs. Certainly the historical novel, "Facundo," excerpts from which come next in Mr. Bunkley's book, is considerably better known. That he could have produced three such different types of literature and excelled in each, points to Sarmiento's extreme versatility as a writer.

Perhaps his novel is the most widely quoted of all his works because in seeking to make the tyrant Facundo understandable he takes such pains with the environment from which such Argentine dictators emerged. On the pampas and in the mountains and forests human powers of observation were developed to a degree that is amazing. The most extraordinary individual in this primitive society was the Trailer, who was able to detect

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the hoof prints of one sought-for animal among the hundreds on a track. He was also so expert at nailing human fugitives from justice that a group of Argentine political prisoners once refused to attempt to escape until a certain famous trailer had agreed to be "ill" for a period of four days. A Pathfinder was a man who knew the topography of vast expanses so well that even the hated General Rosas, who became famous as a dictator rather than as a pathfinder, was said to know *by taste* the grass of every estate in Argentina south of Buenos Aires. There were also the Singer, reminiscent of the wandering bard of the Middle Ages, and other unique gaucho types. It was a distinctly individualistic society—much of it lawless.

But I have a hunch that more readers in this country will be fascinated by Sarmiento in his third mood, that of a foreign traveler. His "United States in 1847" supplies numerous bases for comparison with conditions here a century later. He is most detailed as to dress, manners, spirit. At times his comments on the America of a century ago are actually prophetic. For instance: "One Yankee is worth many of other nationalities at killing men and therefore the destructive capacity of the United States might be estimated at two hundred million people." [At this time our population was 20,000,000.] Or again, "If God were suddenly to call the world to judgment, He would surprise two-thirds of the American people on the road like ants."

Sarmiento was a tremendous admirer of almost everything about the United States, for him the epitome of progress, and as a nation "the final result of human logic." He loved to travel on our palatial river steamboats and swift trains, he reveled in the luxury and zest for meals prevalent in our larger hostelries. His abundant observations in these excerpts are sufficient to show that our natural characteristics are rather clear-cut after all, that the *homo Americanus* has persisted as a type just brimming with individuality despite the contrary criticisms of our expatriates of the nineteen twenties. Even the customs of courtship and marriage seem basically the same today as when Sarmiento so smilingly painted them. But whether he is read for reassurance, out of plumb curiosity, or for sheer entertainment, Domingo Faustino Sarmiento manifests in varying moods a convincing claim to literary eminence even in a century in which great writers were plentiful.

Communications

APPREHENSIONS IN 1945

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editors: I wish to congratulate you for publishing the articles by Dorothy Thompson, "Apprehensions in 1945." (January 30, and February 6 issues.) They are the finest and most objective journalistic contributions on the problem of achieving world peace that I have seen in a long time.

It is a tragedy that so few of our contemporary writers speak frankly as Miss Thompson does on the most serious issues facing Western Democracy. Only she, with a very few others, can see the tragic consequences of compromising with Russia on any issue. And she presents the picture of the results of such compromising with an intelligence and insight that is almost unknown to present-day American journalism.

I know very well that people by and large do not like to face unpleasant truths. The American public particularly dislikes them. One can hardly blame the public when it has been told many times in the past two years that we face nothing but a long peace and unheralded prosperity.

However, the public will have to know and grasp the significance of the world tragedy facing us, and this knowledge will have to be absorbed in the near future. I think there could be no better instrument of knowledge than these articles by Miss Thompson. My great wish and hope is that greater publicity will be given them.

Congratulating you again for publishing them and assuring you that I regard THE COMMONWEAL as "tops" in intelligent Catholic writing,

JOHN H. MAHER.

THE CATHOLIC WRITER IN AMERICA

Brewster, Mass.

TO the Editors: A restatement in general and rational terms of what has already been said in specific and intuitive ones can often be useful. I know that I, for one, am grateful to Miss Mary Perkins for bringing her orderly intelligence to bear upon the problems I spoke of at Sheil School. But I do feel that her mind and her article have the defects of their qualities, in this case a very modern defect and one which seems to occur paradoxically in the thought and writing of many of our otherwise admirable liturgicists. Namely, that they are disinclined to give the intuitive faculty its due or sufficient weight to those influences stemming from it.

As I thought I indicated clearly in my lecture (of which the *Atlantic* article was but a printing, unchanged but for certain stylistic requirements made necessary by the shift from spoken to printed word), the cause for our shallow, pietistic and contentious Catholic literature here, with its complete lack of any "sense of being," is not to be found in conscious intention. Any literature, even that hardly worth the name, springs principally from intangible and intuitive elements, from the very nerve tissue and plexus of its surrounding culture. Nor can any literature, at once as shallow and sick as that of American Catholicism, be made whole—as I also indicated in my lecture—by entirely, or even largely mechanical or conscious means. When Miss Perkins—as others—writes of "entering upon the career of a Catholic writer," and gives numerous other evidences of a completely rational and orderly approach to the subject, we can be grateful to her for helping to define the problem in additional terms, but we cannot feel that she has made any contribution towards solution. For no serious writer writes other than through compulsion. (Many writers write strictly for money or for the convulsion of the cocktail set at Georgetown or because they like to see their

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name in print; but I am talking about the people who write when it is, on one or more levels, painful to do so and when the writing makes them vulnerable to the middle-browed baboons—with something less than the baboon's preoccupation with objective truth—who populate whole sections of the Catholic campus.)

Of course, Bloy wrote a good deal on the subject and I do not think it extreme to say that no one will ever write more exactly of it than does he in the following passages which, had I first read them, would likely have kept me from composing my lecture or delivering it:

". . . the contempt or horror of modern Christians for all the manifestations of a superior art is beyond bearing, and even appears to be another and a more devilish kind of iconoclasm. Instead of slashing paintings or smashing painted statues . . . we stifle souls of light in the sentimental slime of an idiotic piety, which is the most monstrous sullying of innocence. . . .

"Today that same Church . . . has been quit by all peoples. . . . Since, in practically every country still believing itself under papal obedience, she is hedged about by a family council and an army of nurses, what authority could she exercise over the wandering rabble of the dreamers? One may meet a few rare and aristocratic individuals who are at once artists and Christians . . . but even here there cannot be a *Christian Art*. . . .

"Were a Christian art really to exist, you could say that a gate stands open into lost Eden and that, as a result, original sin and the whole of Christianity are no more than old wives' tales. But as this art no more exists than does the divine Illumination of our planet—for six thousand years barely lightened by the last glowing embers of a sun extinguished by our disobedient ancestors—it was inevitable that artists or poets, eager to relight this torch, should draw away from their old Mother who had nothing to offer them save the catacombs of Penance."

Ora pro nobis.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As a Catholic who is not a writer I heartily disagree with the general tenor of Mary Perkins's article in your February 13 issue.

Among the "problems" of the Catholic writer as listed in this article (with ways and means of solving them one by one) I believe that an additional problem should have been included (with ways and means of solving that one too). It is the problem of the existence of the Catholic reader. I am worried lest his existence be so much taken for granted that after the would-be Catholic writer has solved all his other problems he should suddenly find that he has written only for himself.

From a Gallup Poll point of view, how many readers have we among American Catholics? That is, how many who are primarily interested in Catholic literature and who can read intelligently, with discrimination and with an open mind to what may appear to be the unorthodox views of a Catholic author?

Good writing is a challenge; it is an act of defiance; it carries the seeds of sedition and revolt! How many American Catholic readers are prepared and willing to enter into the fray? Somewhere I have heard it said that the need creates the organ. If this is true, would it not apply in this case? If there were a demand for good Catholic literature in America, would this not create, in time, the organs or purveyors of such a literature?

Mary Perkins tells us that the task of becoming a good Catholic writer "is by no means as difficult as twenty years ago." If this is so, then by all means let us wait confidently another twenty years. I cannot imagine how Saint Augustine could have written so intelligently under the difficulties which must have existed during his time. Mary Perkins also tells us that there is "a host of modern books not to say magazines dealing precisely with the application of Catholic wisdom to modern life and modern problems." It seems, therefore, that whatever the "problems" of the Catholic writer in America he can and does produce liberally. But where does he fall so short that both Mr. Sylvester and Mary Perkins should call our attention to his "problems?"

Could it be that "comparative undisturbed peace and security" is not conducive to good writing? As I do not want to be accused of desiring the peace in America to be disturbed or insecurity to prevail, I hasten to add that I do not complain of the lack of good Catholic writing in this country. However, good literature is a written protest amid pain and anguish. A writer cannot record that which he does not know or feel. And he cannot be made to feel pain and know anguish by simply trying hard and doing the best he can with a "host of modern books" at his disposal. He has to live it, actually and in his own mind. He has to understand it, almost love it. If he is a Christian and a Catholic with a talent for words, he will then be able to express a parcel of that truth which Christ strove to teach through our suffering.

B. DE TURENNE.

FEDERAL AID WITHOUT CONTROLS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have been a reader of your magazine for many years and enthusiastically encourage others to read it because I believe it is the best of our Catholic publications. I am almost always in agreement with your editorial policies and therefore was shocked to read your editorial in the issue of February 13 entitled "Federal Aid Without Controls."

If you look at the statistics regarding college enrolments, you will realize that even doubling this number would not admit morons. I also challenge your last statement in Paragraph 1. Perhaps one of the functions of college education should be *social* in the sense that it would give our young people a broad point of view regarding our social and economic problems and thus enable them to become better citizens. Since when has the function of education in America been to develop an educational elite?

Regarding your second point, about aid to private institutions, I, along with many other Catholics who are perhaps not so articulate as some of the hierarchy, feel that aid should not be given to private institutions. I feel

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that the dangers that would result from a church-state tie-up are far more serious than the good that would come from federal subsidies to Catholic schools.

Also, as an educator, I know that many of the smaller colleges, both Catholic and non-denominational, do not meet the standards that we feel are necessary for education of American youth today. Many of them could well be closed or consolidated. I feel that before writing an editorial of this kind you should have given it more careful study and consulted with people who know the educational situation in our country.

HELEN F. STOREN,
Teachers College, Columbia University.

OBJECTIONS to the views expressed in the pages of THE COMMONWEAL *are welcome, even where there seems to be no possibility of reconciling the points at issue, as in this case. The plan announced by the President's Commission would double the present figure of two and a quarter million college students and triple the numbers in student bodies just before the war. And to say that this huge aggregate of students would include a number of young men and women who are not of college calibre is hardly to dub them as "morons." The added difficulties, nevertheless, would be immense. For instance, Father Gannon of Fordham University said in a recent speech, on the basis of considerable experience: "It has been a normal condition of American colleges for years that one-third of the so-called students were in the way, cluttering up the place and interfering with other people's intellectual progress." With the existence of such difficulties now, would not the problem be greatly intensified by the realization of the Commission's plan?*

The title of the editorial did indeed give Miss Storen an opportunity to question the wisdom of advocating unqualifiedly public subsidies to private institutions. The text itself made no such flat claim. The big point was to oppose subsidizing public institutions in such a way that it would put private ones out of business. Even if some smaller institutions who went down were themselves inadequate, it would still be a bad thing for the country if most denominational and other small institutions—good and bad—were forced to suspend operations, especially through the allocation of public funds.

The object of higher education in the United States (as in other countries) obviously has been to develop an élite, educational or otherwise. Our opposition to the scheme propounded by the President's Commission stems partly from the conviction that the obstacles to this end would be greatly multiplied by such a sharp increase in numbers. As it is, the number of philosophers, artists and statesmen of first rank that have been developed with our present enrollments is painfully few.

But the greatest apprehension of all, and one which Miss Storen does not mention, was expressed in the editorial: "Picture an American educational system where the student is a ward of the State from kindergarten right through graduate school . . ." That is the prospect which must be weighed most carefully of all before placing all our higher educational hopes in a heavily subsidized series of public institutions. THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

The Old Lady Says 'No!'

I WILL SAY at once that the repertory of plays imported by the Dublin Gate Theatre marks the management as the most deliberately innocent ever witnessed on Broadway. And if anyone can think of a more Irish definition for stupidity than that, I hope they will send it in presto. But consider the workings of these people! First of all, they write their own promotion, which is simple and sensible. Secondly, they open with Bernard Shaw's most difficult and most misunderstood play, performed with excellence to a nightly half-house of the 16th century intelligence which make up the considera[illegible] Irish population of our town. Thirdly, they offer with consummate direction, design and acting a production of Denis Johnston's first, most difficult, esoteric, expressionistic play, listed at top. If the movers of the business, the Messrs. Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammoir, will not mind stepping before the curtain for a minute, I think they ought to oblige with a special rendition of that old round to be called (momently), "Two Blind Mice." They can then obligingly allow their tails to be cut off by two Butchers, rather than the Butcher's wife. And the Butchers will be played by their American producers, Aldrich & Myers.

Because they have been butchered. Anyone with half a grain of showmanship would have measured this theater's entire repertory against the current Broadway mess: the abysmal level of criticism obtaining at present on the Street; the dollar; the city's conventional audience; the city's Irish. Considering these factors, anyone with half a grain of showmanship would have presented this company primarily as an *acting* one. He would have instructed them to present at least one of their early Eugene O'Neill, plus one more of their early Americans—Irwin Shaw, Elmer Rice—take your choice. PLUS (and I'm as sorry for this as you are), one of their Shakespeare; and finally, and certainly Mr. Johnston, or any other of their own writing men. This would have been, I think, truly an Irish venture—giving the Americans back to themselves. And I think it would have made news as well as money. What a pity it is that it is the Butchers who are blind.

But to return to Denis Johnston and the present play, it is not a simple business. The piece combines a Pirandellian conception of an actor welded to his part; together with a romantic conception of Robert Emmet, an actor's conception of Robert Emmet, a current Dublin conception of Robert Emmet. It figures Ireland in images, after the fashion of Mangan and the forbidden poets of the Union. It figures Sarah Curran as herself, Dante's "Beatrice," and a randy old "Cathleen"—dirty enough, raucous enough, and beautiful enough to have satisfied even J. B. Yeats. It is, openly and admittedly, a nightmare and I must confess that it provided for me, at least, the most intriguing and instructive evening in the theater

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I have had since the last Brecht. I feel what Mr. Johnston proves by it is that we cannot get poetry back on the stage plain: we must balance it, as he does, against prose. We must write, as Brecht does, on varied levels of speech—song, verse, and monosyllable. But, and this is probably the greatest lesson, it is impossible to be eclectic about this, it has got to be consciously schemed. There is no point, dramatically, in gathering up everything you know at the moment, and rhyming, or dis-rhyming it as you feel. That process must be left to the lyricists and bookmen. When I turn Mr. Johnston to Joyce's discussion of "Turpin Hero," I think he will know what I mean. And when I offer to his extraordinarily able and sensitive and excellent players what my father used to call, "the big hand," I think they also will know what I mean. (*at the Mansfield*).

Mister Roberts

SASH STUFF, this Thomas Heggen-Joshua Logan adaptation of Mr. Heggen's novel is exactly as good as out-of-town rumor led us to believe. It's very slick theater, and funny and moving. And I'm awfully afraid it's real. It presents a wonderful guy, "Mister Roberts," who watches from the deck of a cargo ship his War passing him by. Confined to the backwaters of the Pacific, we watch him vainly struggling to fight, protecting his men from the arbitrary nonsense of a vicious skipper, loading and unloading simply the stores. At the last, we hear of his ironic death and simultaneously witness the effect of his character upon his Second-in-Command, who suddenly becomes—A MAN. As finely played by Henry Fonda in the title rôle, David Wayne, and particularly Robert Keith and William Harrigan, plus an excellent company, the doings are overwhelming—hilarious and sad. In fact, my only question will be in answer to my critical peers, who have designated this the great War play of all time. I would like to ask them, *why?* I would like to ask the authors what War "Mister Roberts" thinks he has missed, and why he wanted to fight it? We ought, somewhere along the line, to develop an articulate American hero, I think. "Mister Roberts" constitutes a regular fellow, a wonderful boss, a possible husband, a potential baby-sitter, and an honestly moving show, all rolled up into one. Not more. Not less. (*At the Alvin*).

Tonight at 8:30

I HAVE only space to say that the first section of this revival presents Gertrude Lawrence — beautifully dressed and set by George Jenkins and supported by a good company—at her various best. As vocally endearing as ever, she is as silly, enchanting, skilled, generous, and workmanlike as possible. It will be wrong to say that I like her better in Noel Coward *revived* than ever I liked her in Coward *current,* because that would be critical and dynamic, and I'm much too sleepy to be either. But there's a book in the statement. At the moment, I don't care whether anyone ever writes it, but I do think everyone should see the show. (*at the National*).

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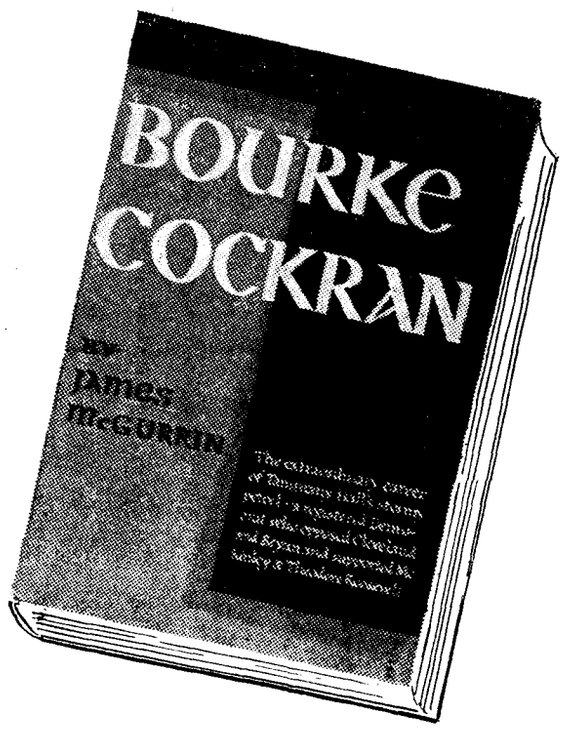

A BOOK OF INTEREST TO NEW YORKERS

"BOURKE COCKRAN"

A NOTABLE BIOGRAPHY

BY JAMES McGURRIN

The extraordinary career of Tammany Hall's orator and "stormy petrel" who opposed Cleveland and Bryan and supported McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. This intimate portrayal of American political history—just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. **3.50**

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How the Other Half Lives

ADMIRERS of foreign films are certainly getting their fill these days. New imports are arriving every week, and such good ones as "Shoe-Shine," "Open City" and "Beauty and the Beast" continue their long runs. The three latest entries, though not in the very top-notch class, deserve much more than passing notice.

John Steinbeck's story *"The Pearl"* has been filmed in Mexico with extraordinarily beautiful photography and a Mexican cast who speak English. The Steinbeck fable, about a fisherman who finds a valuable pearl which leads to great unhappiness, is somewhat confusing about the moral it is trying to put over; but its visualization is so lovely that the film is rewarding in spite of its vague theme. The cast is excellent, especially Pedro Armendariz as the fisherman and Maria Elena Marques as his wife; and a large group of Mexican players add color to the whole through their appearance in the fishing scenes and the big celebration in honor of the finding of the pearl. It is with the portrayals of the villains of the piece that I have my greatest argument: the pearl buyer and his mean cohorts including the selfish village doctor. The performances and the script make these men so evil that the point of the story becomes almost a diatribe against villainy. It isn't really the pearl itself which spells disaster for the fisherman who sees in his find an opportunity for education and advancement, but it is the greed and murderous intent of these villains that drive the fisherman and his family out of the village and into the swamp and back country where great sorrow befalls them. Perhaps I am attaching too much importance to the symbolism in this film which Emilio Fernandez has directed so well. In any case "The Pearl" provides a feast of beauty.

I think what has disturbed me most of all about *"The Raven"* a French movie with English subtitles, is its decadent portrayal of the French people. In a way this is not a fair criticism, for there has been many a Hollywood B film (and an A film too) that showed Americans in a bad light; and while these pictures may have provided entertainment abroad, I should hate to have people judge the United States by the signs of decadence evident in these movies. However, "The Raven" comes to us with unusual advance publicity. The Paris correspondent of the *New Yorker* said, "It is one of the half-dozen greatest French films ever made and it is one of the subtlest, most sinister propaganda jobs the Nazis achieved." The movie was produced, during the occupation, by German Continental Films, but it was written, acted and directed by Frenchmen; and the finished picture was exhibited in Germany as an exposé of French decadence. The plot shows the turmoil into which a small French town is thrown when a series of anonymous letters spills the dirt about various leading citizens. Each of the letters contains a grain of truth—some contain more than a grain, for this cynical film has the largest collection of unpleasant characters I have ever seen in one movie. Although the picture has been strangely edited (perhaps parts of it were cut out; for a long time the French Government suppressed the film), the cast, led by Pierre Fresnay and directed by Henri-George Clouzot, is good. Since the present French Government is allowing us to see this melodrama, I suppose it does not object too strongly to the impressions we are bound to get of the French people.

Fortunately another recent import from France helps to dispel this impression. *"Farrebique"* is an unusual film, and it is an excellent example of cinematic art that is too seldom attempted by film makers. It tells the story of one year with a family of farmers in the Massif Central region of France. The picture is really a documentary, for the people in it are not actors, but actual farmers photographed with simplicity and reality; and it covers the usual events from plowing to harvest and through the cold winter as well as the big events: the coming of electricity, the birth of a baby, the death of a grandfather. To Georges Rouquier, who conceived and produced the film, must go major credit; but high praise must also be given to the cameramen and technicians who have caught so well, in cinema that is both poetry and realism, the spirit of the land and the people who work on it. This is obviously a film for the discriminating, for those who prefer the drama of real life to melodramatic fiction, for those interested in mores of other people in other lands, and for those who enjoy the simple as well as the complicated beauty of nature. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

The Pursuit of Robert Emmet. Helen Landreth. Whittlesey. $3.75.

A DEEPLY stirring note—to one of Gaelic blood, a thrilling note—runs through this book. You catch it on the first page, almost in the first paragraph, and to the end you never lose it. You hear the quiet ring of it in Miss Landreth's lucid, scholarly prose; you hear it loud and clamorous in Emmet's own heroic devotion to his country; and you hear it, like a blast of exultant victory, in the Irish people's devotion to Emmet. Never before has the true story of Robert Emmet been told; and never is it likely to be told so well again.

We have here, then, a book that is fascinating, scholarly, and very important. Miss Landreth spent upon it the work of eight mortal years, reading thousands of letters and reports, and taking down more than a million words of notes, in the Irish State Paper Office, the Irish Public Record Office, the National Library of Ireland, the Royal Irish Academy and the manuscript room of the Trinity College Library; reading and taking notes and tracing connections; running down clews; and discovering letters which had long been thought destroyed and safely done away with. And one result of all this work has been to change considerably a large part of all we thought we knew about Emmet's rebellion (which came to pass in the late July of 1803; five years after the great uprising of 1798, and three years after the Act of Union had destroyed the Irish Parliament by uniting it with the five-times-bigger Parliament at Westminster).

By documents alone Miss Landreth comes within an inch of proving that the real author of Emmet's rebellion was William Pitt, the ex-Prime Minister of England.

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It was Pitt who in 1800 forced through the Act of Union. ("Pitt's masterpiece," it was called.) A year or two after that he resigned office in a fit of pique. And now, in the October of 1802, witnessing the monumental failures of the Addington administration, he was keeping in close touch with Dublin Castle against the hour, confidently awaited, when he would be called upon to take back the reins of Government. As Leader of the Opposition, he had time to work out many interlacing plans; and among these was a plan to precipitate a new and premature Irish rebellion, and to use as the instrument of his purpose here the well-beloved Robert Emmet. And the plan worked. (Perhaps this will now be called the masterpiece of the Pit.)

It was cruel; but cruel and ruthless, in those days, was the whole system of Anglo-Irish relations. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, at a moment when this same William Pitt was at the head of the English Government, the Irish had raised the cry of "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity." And now, inexorably, a new and gigantic war was bearing down upon England, all Paris was excited over plans for a new invasion of Ireland, Napoleon himself was crazy enough to say that the English people would welcome him to England as a liberator. And in such a crisis Pitt could see no reason, perhaps, why he ought not, in cold blood, reduce the Irish to a condition of helplessness in advance of their on-coming "opportunity." In any case, he decided to engineer a quick rebellion—as a device for bringing out from cover the Irish patriot leaders who had escaped after the insurrection of 1798, and in general for causing all rebel-minded Irishmen to show their hands, and thus to justify the immediate suspension of Habeas Corpus (in effect, placing Ireland under military law) and also, of course, to provide the material for as many hangings as might be required to terrify the rest of the Irish into a state of submission.

To carry out his plan, Pitt directed that emissaries be sent over to Paris, where Emmet was representing the Irish rebel interests. They were Irish emissaries, ex-rebels who had sold themselves to Pitt; but, of course, they represented themselves as delegates of the United Irishmen, appointed to carry to Emmet that rebel organization's plea that he return to Ireland at once to take command of a new uprising. And Emmet believed them, and worked with them, and never suspected—save possibly at the very last hour, when it was too late—that they and others on his military staff, and still others on the executive of the United Irishmen, from first to last were the paid agents of Dublin Castle. (Even the two lawyers who "defended" him at his trial were Castle agents.)

Miss Landreth, I say, comes within an inch of proving all this by documents alone. Actually, she produces a chain of letters from which only one vital link is missing —that of Pitt himself outlining the plan and giving instructions on how it was to be carried out. But that such a letter was written, addressed by Pitt to Alexander Marsden, the Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle, is proved by the answer to it, and by the singularity of effect of all the other letters; and proved again by the testimony of Sir Bernard Burke, Keeper of the State Papers at Dublin Castle, who sixty-odd years ago said that he had seen and read Pitt's letter.

But fascinating as it is, Miss Landreth's detective work represents only a part of her quite remarkable book. In the reading, indeed, it is overshadowed by a certain charity toward all alike, by a quite obvious refusal to point a finger and apply a lesson to the world today, though the lesson is there; by the charm of Emmet's portrayal; and, above all, by the brilliance with which Miss Landreth portrays the evils of a governmental system that exists by the terror it exerts through its spies.

DAVID MARSHALL.

The Journals of André Gide. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Knopf. $5.00.

IT HAS BEEN the special way of André Gide to take into his own conscience, in his long career as a diarist (and as the kind of novelist which a diarist becomes), the lacerating dilemmas of an entire half-century. This much is noteworthy but not wonderful: it may be said (and has been, so that it has ripened into a cliché) of all the major figures of modern writing; but I know of no other living novelist who has focused these conflicts quite as *personally* as Gide has done. Compare the opulent mythologies of Thomas Mann and see how they save the feelings of both author and reader by the brilliant trick of *ironic romantische.* And notice that Kafka's world is, after all, Kafka's; we shudder after a brief sojourn in it but reassure ourselves that it must have been the special lighting—"Such a strange place is was!"—and here now is the normal color of the air and the normal sunshine. But Gide is straight and unrelenting; the style is prodigiously clear, so that it cannot be suspected; and having admired the generosity of the author in his refusal of all moral predispositions, you remember only later that he made an exception of his Protestant conscience—later, when novel after novel impales you on the *instance;* the plain, human, daylight instance, which the Puritan must face unrelieved by *accommodazione* and which is his life or death. The novels are a series of instances. A conscience makes each one straight and final; a sceptical mind (which denies itself the relief of cynicism) lays them end to end and they come full circle and back to the original question. It is heroic virtue that makes Gide's mind put up with his conscience, and vice versa; and perhaps this is what M. Maritain meant when he called Gide an inverted saint.

Gide is for himself an instance not to be got over. In the *Journaux,* those insatiable but carefully measured explorations of himself which Justin O'Brien has translated remarkably into English (the present volume covers the years 1899 to 1914), there is a note on an early visit

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to Rome: "I have found the secret of my boredom in Rome: I do not find myself interesting here." One note says simply, "My soul: a drill-ground." The admonitions to himself are as artful as he is—"I am torn between morality and the rules of sincerity"—and even the most prosaic advice does not end before the advised self slips out from under and takes over the advising in order to do it all in style. He wonders whether he needs solitude; he recalls that "a solitary and sullen childhood" made him what he is; and now he thinks well of the thought: "Perhaps it would be better to exaggerate that aspect. Perhaps I would find great strength in doing so." On just the next page there is terse advice; it issues from something which can only be guessed at but it comes out as Gide: "Essential to make oneself irreproachable." There are strategems for work: lists of self-improvements to seek and lists of attitudes to cultivate; and the energy for reform soon diverts itself into the pure Gidean pleasure of making a list. This mind is methodically scrupled, as Rimbaud's *savant* is methodically deranged: Gide's sanity is as uncomfortable as Rimbaud's madness.

Willingness to risk any Niagara of bathos, and to do it with elegance—that is the key. Gide's self-instruction is a progressive sophistication in bathos. The trivia in these Journals tell us that much: he knows how to follow an impulse or a truth until it turns, and he knows how to turn with it. He does not shock, he *administers* shocks; when it is all over—just so much, no more, no less—you realize that nothing was ever out of Gide's control. It is no surprise that larger issues are addressed in the same way: all these minutiae have been only his schooling. The Journals, when they are complete in English, will record the first half of the twentieth century in one of its highest points of consciousness, a mind which spared itself nothing large or small of its principal questions. Only Gide could have given us these problems so intimately absorbed into a personality, could have given us this combination of immaculate *finesse* in their statement and dogged Puritanism in their pursuit. In these pages, as in the novels which grow from them, he stands deliberately, perhaps even masochistically, at the center where the theses and antitheses of our world cross and re-cross. (This predilection is explicit in *Les Faux Monnayeurs,* which he plans as "A cross-roads—a meeting of problems."). His life ranges, in a highly vivid and active way, over the estheticism of the nineties, the crisis of the Franco-German problem, the Maurras tentatives for "order", the two great wars, Communism, and the revival of the French Catholic spirit. He takes all of these challenges into himself—all of these *risks*—and subjects them to the eccentric instance of his mind and conscience.

The novels which the Journals both locate and illumine would surely be rituals of examinations. Each a separate ritual; each an expense of ritualized care; and each ending only in the postponement of its contradiction. Their ancestry is not in Boccaccio or, except in a very loose sense, in Cervantes. It is in Plato. The novel for Gide exists because life is difficult; its movement is a dialectic; and it is never finished (unless one resorts to the unique trick of *Les Faux Monnayeurs*), or, let us put it this way, one finishes it only by starting another one, its antithesis.

There are two ways of knowing that life is difficult. One way requires nothing to be done; the other way requires everything to be done. Gide is not a nihilist. Because he has lived a life in which, always and in every case, he preferred consciousness to unconsciousness, and because he could never forget the small while looking at the large, or the large while looking at the small, his Journals are among the few great treasures of our century.

HENRY RAGO.

Bourke Cockran. James McGurrin. Scribners. $3.50.

BOURKE COCKRAN was born in Ireland, educated in France, connected by ties of relationship and friendship with England, and passed his adult life in New York. He was scholarly, an honorable man of great charm and wit but above all an orator gifted in surpassing degree. His life story, as told by Mr. McGurrin, is of absorbing interest. It moves from the days of Cleveland to the end of the first World War. The biographer makes no attempt to investigate the "psychology" of the "silver tongued orator." This is well, because Cockran had no great aches and pains springing from immoralism. He lives in this book chiefly through his public appearances. And it is right that his life should be presented this way, for that life was to a singular degree the possession of his own contemporary public.

He early identified himself with the reform element in Tammany Hall. Unhesitatingly he broke away from the regular political organization when he judged from time to time that principle required him to do so. He was regarded successively by "honest" John Kelly, Boss Croker and Charles F. Murphy as politically undependable. In the sound money issue between McKinley and Bryan he spoke for McKinley from Coast to Coast betraying on this tour great personal courage. He showed a masterful command of the most hostile audiences, never failing to win personal acclaim, though his ideas might not prevail. This trait holds for his career as a lawyer as well. After the second trial of Police Lieutenant Becker when Becker was again sentenced to death, Cockran exhausted the whole apparatus of his eloquence in a vain effort to stay execution. In like manner his defense of Tom Mooney was a failure.

The break with Boss Croker is one of the most interesting episodes in this colorful biography. It occurred on Christmas Eve, 1894. Croker accused Cockran of supplying the newspapers with materials with which to attack him. Croker's animus toward Cockran was abiding, and while he continued to operate Tammany, Cockran was unwelcome. He was restored to favor when Charles F. Murphy succeeded Croker, but this leader also was unable to hold him.

Cockran fought for sound money against the Bryan thesis. He was for free trade against the protectionists. And in the days immediately following the Spanish War he resisted the new imperialism embodied in the McKinley doctrine. On the Irish question he believed until the time of the Easter rebellion that the relationship of Ireland and England could be solved without resort to force.

Apart from the episode of the break with Croker, the most dramatic element of the story concerns the struggle between Cockran and Dalzell in the House of Representatives. Dalzell, a representative from Pennsylvania, was stung into accusing Cockran of having supported McKinley years earlier for mercenary reasons. With a fury of invective rare in his career, Cockran attacked Dalzell and almost literally blasted him to pieces. An interesting by-product of this clash was the disclosure by Cockran

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that in all the years of his public speaking on political or other public questions he never accepted any money for his services. He carried this principle to the extent of paying his own railroad fares.

Bourke Cockran enjoyed the confidence of the Catholic hierarchy of his day. He often spoke on controversial questions affecting the Catholic Church. His views on the perennial pseudo-question of whether an American Catholic can be entirely loyal to the principle of separation of Church and State are worthy of being reissued from time to time. Indeed they have a special applicability to conditions of today considering the objections now heard to allowing parochial school children to ride on public buses, a practice which some would condemn as in violation of the constiutional provisions prohibiting the establishment of a state religion.

Although the center of interest in the book is the Bourke Cockran of the platform and the Halls of Congress, enough is suggested of his private life to give understanding of the domestic sources of his public successes. The private world of Bourke Cockran was happy, sociable and tender. The second Mrs. Cockran was the lovely Anna Louisa Ide to whom Robert Louis Stevenson by formal deed transferred his birthday when he heard how her birth on Christmas day deprived her of the usual prequisites of ordinary birthdays.

Mr. McGurrin has given us a solid and delightful book. He has allowed the facts to tell their story and a wonderful and well told story it is.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN

The Great Hope. Marguerita Rudolph, with an introduction by Pearl S. Buck. Drawings by Abbas. John Day. $2.75.

MRS. PEARL BUCK'S introduction to Marguerita Rudolph's recollections of her Russian childhood is a challenge to the reader to look for true human experience and true human values beyond the barriers set up by governments. And the entire book of Mrs. Rudolph, who came from Soviet Russia to the United States at the age of fifteen (so the jacket tells us) is an attempt to present these human values. In this case they are incarnated in a Ukrainian-Jewish peasant family on the eve of the 1917 Russian Revolution and during the years immediately following it. These were years of great tribulations and at the same time of "great hope"—the hope of building a juster social order. Many a trait reported by the author faithfully revives her childhood and renders the family she describes attractive and lovable.

However, one cannot help wondering how the victims of the unjust tsarist order of the life forever to be erased, managed to sup (before the great hope arose) on chicken and cinnamon cookies around a table laid on starched white linen and decorated with brass candlesticks, while the father tossed off vodka from a silver tumbler. This must have been a very well-to-do peasant family, as untypical in their way as the inmates of model Kolkhozes shown today to foreigners, who also feast on vodka, chicken and cookies. And to be sure, little Fanya, the girl in the book who is brimming with the great hope, would seem more human and congenial if she did not so enthusiastically welcome the new régime as the one-party affair. Fanya stresses particularly that it was to exclude all other parties, *even those which also wanted to build a new life,* as if this exclusion were something truly splendid and obviously necessary. So much has happened since those early days of the Revolution that probably Fanya herself is now looking back with surprise at the time when there was as yet no forced collectivization, no five years' plan, no scientifically organized police state.

The book would better win one over if there were not a flippant and childish approach to these questions which does not necessarily present a true picture of childish thoughts and hopes. Moreover, we are surprised to read about little Zelik being whacked in the pre-revolutionary village school, for long before the Revolution, corporal punishment was banned in Russian schools. Neither were the "gymnasiums" (that is, the secondary city schools) exclusively reserved to the smart and rich, as Marguerita Rudolph believes. These were quite democratic and relatively inexpensive institutions. If tuition was not free, let us remember that in 1940 the higher grade of Soviet secondary schools, more or less corresponding to the former gymnasiums, also ceased to be free. Mrs. Rudolph should have mentioned on the other hand a true source of inequality and discrimination which existed in pre-revolutionary Russia and which was indeed a deplorable one: the small and carefully restricted percentage of Jews allowed in these gymnasiums and the high points demanded from them. These are, one might say, unsubstantial errors and omissions. But the knowledge of the background is at times just as important as the knowledge of the characters depicted against that background. The drawings by Abbas are full of skill, though they reduce the drama of the "great hope" to the dimensions of a scene from the Russian ballet.

HELEN ISWOLSKY.

Rembrandt: Drawings for the Bible. Schocken. $8.50.

THIS was definitely the best reproduction job of 1947. The thirty-two illustrations Rembrandt drew for the Bible were made over a period of thirty years, "covering most of Rembrandt's creative life." In the brief, brilliant anonymous introduction, it is suggested that the artist's "intense preoccupation" with Biblical themes arose from his devout Protestant home. But, as the writer justly says "the piety of his home bent the twig but gave the branch no nourishment." Rembrandt's biblical scenes —and 150 of his 600 pictures were also of Scriptural stories—needed "sensual, visual images," and these he found in the Amsterdam ghetto, amongst the Sephardic Jews newly arrived from Spain. Whether Rembrandt himself had Jewish blood is unproven, but his heart and his treasure were amongst his outcast neighbors, and in "distilling from physical action its emotional essence" his relationship to them "became a deep spiritual kinship." Nothing he ever did is more touching than the "Lament for Abel" (from the Midrash version,) or than "Abraham about to Sacrifice Isaac." And there is not only emotion, but a touch of ecstasy, in Jacob's dream, in the economy of Moses taken from the River (plate 20) and in the Louvre's "Elijah By the Brook Cherith," and in perhaps the most awe-inspiring drawing of all, Plate 21 of "Moses and the Burning Bush." O, that this portfolio could be shoved forcibly into the hands of every Sunday school teacher, every catechist, in our whole chromeo-stained world!

A. F.

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The Inner Forum

"A Hymn to Work"

THE LADIES of the Grail of Loveland, Ohio, have just produced a generously illustrated fifty-page booklet on their philosophy of work. The text was written by Josephine Drabek of Grailville; the halftones are from photographs taken by Abbé Albert Tessier, who also "introduces" the booklet.

After a bow to the Creator for His handiwork—the universe with its incomparable natural beauty—and for His creature, man, the treatise launches into its principal theme: "Work: Our Human Vocation." Here is the spirit of the thing: "Fully human labor is purposeful, responsible, free—the generous gift of the worker's self to the task to be done. It calls into play all our powers: the clear vision of intelligence, the firm decisions of will, the warmth of love, the supple strength and skill of body. . . ."

The Grail recognizes how seldom today work under the compulsion of earning one's bread is akin to this conception.

In building up a fully Christian conception and condition of labor one element is the connection between making something and God's creative power (which includes the realization that by our own labor we are perfecting His universe). Then, if we perform our homely daily tasks in a spirit of integrity and devotion, we turn our work into actual praise of God. And a Christian undertakes what he accomplishes for his fellowman by work as an expression of love.

Finally there is the relationship between manual labor and both intellectual and spiritual development. The exercise of the practical intellect required by the simplest task prepares the mind for speculative activity. And if work is connected with prayer and meditation, to quote George Boyle, "The hill of potatoes planted, the floor scrubbed clean, fit clearly into the picture of man's care and are swept up into the dignity which belongs to mankind's suffering and ascent to God."

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